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## From the Winter's Wreath. THIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEART IS.

'Tis home where'er the heart is,  
Where'er its loved ones dwell,  
In cities or in cottages,  
Fringed haunts or mossy dells:  
The heart's a rover ever,  
And thus on waves or wild,  
The maiden with her lover walks,  
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is;  
Its fairy spell can bring  
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,  
And to the desert—spring.  
There are green isles in each ocean,  
O'er which affection glides,  
And a heaven on each shore,  
When love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is;  
Nor chains, nor dungeon dim,  
May check the mind's aspirations,  
The spirit's pealing hymn:  
The heart gives life to beauty,  
Its glory and its power,  
'Tis sunlight to its raptur'd stream,  
And a dew to its flower.

From Wilson's Tales of the Scottish Borders.

## Sabbath Wrecks. A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1577; a small cloud tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sunbeams, while on its bosom slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce, there too, lay its islands, glorying in their strength; the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a levitation, summing in its rays; and the giant Bass covered with sea-fowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster, in the midst of the waters. A thousand boats lay along the shores of Dunbar. It was the herring season, and there were many boats from the south and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland. Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shoal was upon the coast, and regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and go out to set their nets.

The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then Minister of Dunbar, and he went forth to the kirk, to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned and went amongst them and reproved them sternly for their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate; the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher, yea, some of them said to him in the words of the prophet, "Go up thou bald head." He went from boat to boat, counselling, entreating, expostulating with, and praying for them. "Surely," said he, "the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold ye guiltless for this profanation of his holy day." But at that period, vital religion was but little felt or understood upon the borders, and they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging on the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and children while he laughed at their idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group, "John Crawford," he exclaimed, addressing the husband, "you may profess to mock, to laugh to scorn, the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire, into your own bosom, when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the seas as well as the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him before whom the mighty ocean is a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye then glory in insulting his ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth, ye have listened to the words of John Knox, the great Apostle of our country; ye have trembled beneath their power, and the convictions they carried with them; and when ye think of those convictions and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word apostate burn in your heart? John Crawford, some of your blood have embraced the sake for the sake of the truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified. The Scotchman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to

the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communication with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns, whose bringing up is a credit to their mother, and be not guilty of this gross sin." But, while the fisherman regarded the supplications of his wife, he became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an oar, and with his comrades began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford and his wife followed him. That day he took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and, as he fearlessly and fervently denounced the crime of Sabbath breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled; but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her and wept also because she wept. But ere the service had been concluded the heavens began to lower.

Darkness fell over the congregation, and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed at each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits, stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of the Omnipotent. The loud voice of the psalm was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb in the wind that swepteth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immovable, were still distended with the song of praise, but every tongue was silent, and every eye fixed. There was no voice save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none felt, none moved: Pale, powerless, as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and as it bent, a knell untold by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind waved through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the sturdy oak, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was uplied on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as clouds of ice. At the voice of the deep thunder the lightning quailed, & the rage of the tempest seemed spent. Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance, loud as the war cry of embattled warriors.

The congregation still sat mute, horrified and death-like, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines:

"When in thy wrath rebuke me not,  
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me;"

when the screams and howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets, rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children ran also in terror with the multitude. The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifting among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them waiting widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and over and anon an additional scream of grief arose as the lifeless bodies of one or other such relations were found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro; but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more. It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment.

In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats, with their crews, were whelmed in the mighty deep; and dwelling on the shore between Spital and North Berwick, two hundred and eighty widows wept their husbands lost. The spectators were busy in carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide marks.

They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed, "See, see, one still lives, and struggles to make the shore!" All rushed to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet laboring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His heart panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death, and he strained with desperate eagerness towards the

projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp; but in its stead he clutched the deceitful wave, that laughed at his deliverance. He was whelmed around it, dashed on it with violence, and again swept back by the relentless surge. He threw out his arms at random; his deep groans and panting breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock; he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A murmur moaned through the multitude. They gazed one upon another. His glazed eyes frowned darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his look. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak, to implore assistance. His strength gave way; the waters rushed around the rock, as a whirlpool. He was again uplied on the white bosom of the foam, and tossed within a few yards of the waiting but unavailing crowd. It is John Crawford!! exclaimed those who were able to recognize his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name. A female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford was seen floating on the wild sea. In an instant a hundred plunged to her rescue; but before the scream of horror and surprise raised by the spectators, when they beheld her devoted and desperate purpose, had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death. Although no feminine amusement, Agnes had delighted in buffeting the waters from a child, as though she felt at home in their bosom;—and now, the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She was hidden from the gaze of the marvelling spectators, and a deep groan crept along the shore. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the wounded man! A shout of wild joy ran back on the deserted town. Her father, who was among the multitude, fell on his knees. He clasped his hands together. Merciful heavens! he exclaimed, thou who stillest the tempest, and holdest the waters in the hollow of thy hand, protect—protect my child!

The waters rioted with redoubled fury. Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features, and her hand yet grasped her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenances of friends. For a moment she disappeared amongst the waves; but the next Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, and her arm resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where in a few minutes she recovered; but her husband manifested no sign of vitality. All the means within their power and that they knew, were resorted to, in order to effect resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and at length beneath her hand, his breast first began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

"He lives! he breathes!" she exclaimed, and she sunk back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended by her side, where the unconscious fisherman lay, directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

As John Crawford began to recover, the film of death that had gathered over his eyes began to melt away, and he gazed around in bewilderment, but unconscious of where he was, and he sank into a troubled sleep; he cast forth his arms, in imagination yet grappling with death. He dreamed, and in his dream he shouted for help. He prayed, and in the same breath he blasphemed, and reviled the troubled spectators that his fancy could picture on the beach.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed; he looked around wistfully. Agnes, who had recovered and returned to the room, fell on his bosom. "My Agnes! my poor Agnes!" he cried, as he gazed wistfully in her face, "but where, where am I?" "My bairns, where are they?"

"Here, father, here!" cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously around.—A recollection of the past and a consciousness of the present, fell on his mind. "Thank God," he exclaimed, and burst into tears. And when his troubled soul and agitated bosom had found in them relief, he inquired eagerly, "but oh tell me how was I saved? Was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel grasped me when I was sinking, and held me. But my head is confused, and I remember nothing, but as a dream, save the bursting o'er of the dreadful storm, with the perishing of hundreds in an instant, and the awful cry that rang from boat to boat—a judgment has come o'er us! and it was a judgment indeed! Oh Agnes! had I listened to your words, and to the prayers of my bairns, or the advice of the minister, I had been escaped the sin which I have this day com-

mitted, and the horrors with which it has been visited. But tell me how or in what manner I was saved. John, said the aged elder, the father of Agnes; ye was saved by the merciful and unstinting powers of that Providence which ye this morning set at naught. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that the awful visitation—this judgment as ye have well described it, which has this day filled our coasts with widows and orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain, while ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is nothing short of a miracle. We had beheld how long and how desperately ye struggled with the raging waves, when we knew not who you were, and it was na in the power of any being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept around it; and when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it with the grasp of death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognized your countenance, and they cried out your name. A scream burst upon my ear—a woman rushed through the crowd,—and then John! oh then!—but here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud, and after a few moments added,—"Tell him some of ye." Oh! tell me, said the fisherman; all that my father-in-law hath said, I kenne before. But how was I saved? or by whom?

The preacher took up the tale, hearken unto me, John Crawford, said he, "ye have reason this day of sorrow, to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel, and sat at naught my reproof. True it was not the speaker but the words spoken that ye ought to have regarded, for they were not my words, and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed, so have ye reaped. But as your father-in-law hath told ye, when your face was recognized from the shore, and your name was mentioned, a woman screamed,—she rushed through the multitude,—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant, she was out of the reach of help!"

"Speak—speak on," cried the fishermen eagerly; and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously now towards the preacher, and again to his Agnes, who wept over his shoulder.

"The Providence which had till then sustained you, while your fellow creatures perished around," added the clergyman, "supported her. She reached you,—she grasped your arm. After a long struggling she brought you within a few yards of the shore; a wave overwhelmed you both; and cast you upon the beach with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom."

Gracious heaven! exclaimed the fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom—my own Agnes! was it you?—was it you?—my wife—my saviour!—and he wept aloud, and his children wept also. There's nae merit in what I have done, replied she, for who should have attempted to save you had I not ye are every thing to me, John, and to our bairns.

But the feelings of the wife and mother are too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family, to whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. He found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm bell. The dead were laid in heaps upon the beach, and in the following day, widows, orphans, parents and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast to seek their dead amongst the drowned, that had been gathered together, or if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them, where the sea might have cast them forth. Such is the tale of the Sabbath wrecks on the last drave of Dunbar.

From the Democratic Review.

## Old Ironsides on a Leashore.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant Frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliot—having on board the late Edward Livingston, late minister at the Court of France, and family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls—drew near to "the chops" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P. M.—the Captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and by," remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but, he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call

of "Light O!" was heard from the fore-topmast yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points to the lee bow," replied the look-out-man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment the Captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"All hands," whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons, familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board of a man-of-war.

"All hands," screamed the boatswain's mate, and ere the last echo died away all but sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed, in the days of Queen Ann, sang their song of death before, and the Dead-Man's Ledge replied in hoarse notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the Captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—the hauling tip of which, contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a "lee shore" upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly or by a close gaze along their outer ledge. Was this destiny to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation?

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the captain in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the Lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command, to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack."

"She will not bear it, sir," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack," thundered the Captain. "Keep her full and bye, Quartermaster."

"Aye! aye, sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the main sheet," shouted the captain, and aft it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Aye! aye! sir! she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm; keep her full and bye."

"Aye! aye! sir! full and bye she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a beam, sir."

"Keep her away half point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady so!" returned the captain.

"Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck, except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us—unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever touched these rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illuminated only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while every thing on board seemed to be cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them on all the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, Quartermaster, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels, but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvas less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overladen frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent

upon making the deep the sailors' grave, and her live oak sides, his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship,) seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and then another!—until at last, our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us a long side the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the bold Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the Captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail when in any other situation would have been considered a suicidal act, he weathered the lee shore and saved the Constitution.

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure and danced merrily on the deep towards the United States.

"Pipe down," said the captain to the First Lieutenant, "and splice the main brace." "Pipe down," echoed the First Lieutenant to the boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was.

"How near the rocks did we go?" said I to one of the master's mates next morning. He made no reply, but taking down a chart he showed me a pencil line between the outside shoal of the Light House Island, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by day light.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved!

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from our mainsail to royal, the sides of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger; but never, before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrific, as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt, to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

Note.—During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired of the Captain, if we were not in great danger; to which he replied as soon as we had passed Scilly, "you are as safe as you would be in the aisle of church." It is singular that the frigate Boston, Captain McNeal, about the close of the revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France, Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's and also Minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the Captain—a rough but gallant old fire-eater—if they were not in great danger; to which he replied—"You had better, Madam, get down upon your knees, and pray to God to forgive you your numerous sins, for if we don't carry by this point, we shall all be down in five minutes."

## THE GOTHAS AND HUNS.

The terrific honors which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs, are recorded in history by the interment of Attila, King of the Huns, and Alaric, King of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast campaign, in a coffin which was enclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and another of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and studded with jewels, rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged; and that the place of his interment might forever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all those who assisted at his burial.

The Goths did nearly the same with Alaric, in 410, at Cosinca, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vavento, and having formed a grave in



the midst of its bed where his course was most rapid, they interred this king with prodigious accumulation of riches. After having caused the river to resume its original course, they murdered, without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

*Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.*—We think the annals of prisons will hardly furnish a parallel to the following facts, for which we are indebted to a correspondent:

About the year 1820, James Osborne, of Sherman, in this county, was committed upon a charge of assault and battery, and sentenced to pay a small fine and cost. The precise amount of the whole we do not recollect, but it was quite inconsiderable. The amount not being paid, he was committed to the jail in Danbury, where he remained eighteen years. As the law has stood during that period, he could be discharged from his imprisonment, only upon either paying the fine and cost, or giving his note for the amount. This he ever steadily refused to do. The Judges of the County Court, the Sheriffs and state's attorneys have all endeavored to get rid of him, and to persuade him to execute the note, for without the note, neither one nor all of them had any authority to release him. But all has been in vain, and he has remained a tenant of the prison.

During the session of the Legislature in May last, a representation of these facts was made to that body, and a resolution passed ordering him to be forthwith released unconditionally. Even then he refused to leave the jail, and was forcibly turned out. He returned to his native place, but friends and acquaintances, with only a few exceptions, had disappeared. Some had removed, and others were no longer among the living; and he found their places occupied by another generation of men. He was a stranger in the land of his fathers, and sighed for his former habitation within the walls of the prison. He wandered about for a few months, and in October last returned to the jail in Danbury and sought admission. The jailer received him, and there he now is occupying one of the cells of the jail, and paying the keeper two dollars per week for his entertainment.

*Newark (Conn.) Gazette.*

#### JUDGE LYNCH.

This important personage, after having lain quiescent for some weeks, judging from the newspapers, has lately come out again in the South and West with his swift writs of *procedendo ad iudicium*.—Being apparently as sound a hater of "the law's delay," as was the melancholy prince of Denmark himself, it was to be hoped that he had his glint of retribution for a season; but the *Centus* feeling is in a manner on him all the while, and so long as it is, he will be on the seat for victims.

Seriously, if there be any subsidence of the lynching code or spirit, under that special name, it is ramifying itself into other forms, which cannot but appal and strike with serious reflections, every friend of humanity and the laws. It no longer contents itself with the cord and the scourge; it enters the very holiest in the temple of Justice, and seizing the fasces and the axe, ushers a supreme dominion—polluting and overawing on every hand. This is not precisely what may be called the *Lynch action*, it is the *Lynch influence*, no less baleful because more secret, or because it silently exerts itself on jurors.

Two cases, illustrating this dreadful state of things, are now freshly on record. One is that of Judge Wilkinson and others, in an affray at Louisville, at the Galt house, where two persons were brutally murdered in broad daylight, in presence of many witnesses. We have heard a great man who was present, and saw the murdered men lying on the floor, say it was one of the most sorry sights of the kind ever presented to the eye. The men killed were simply seeking a lawful end—they were destroyed outright—and yet the murderers were acquitted! We should like to ask—on what principles of law? What of equity? What of imperfect evidence? What of fact?—or what of reason?

The last was that of Dr. Vaughan, for the murder of young Pleasant, just decided in Virginia—the result, accidental. Our readers must remember the incidents of this atrocious homicide. Pleasant was the accepted lover of an accomplished young lady, of whom Vaughan was also enamored. He preferred his suit, and was rejected. In a fit of blind indignation, he thought to succeed in winning her affections, by destroying the man to whom she was betrothed. Accordingly he sought every mode to provoke him into a duel—but all to no purpose; the result of this *brave* stratagem.

At last he walked into the room of Pleasant, at his hotel, only a few days before his intended marriage, and placing a pistol in his breast, at once shot him down. The scene was a horrible one; the young man's shirt-bosom on fire from the powder; himself standing across the room, his heart's blood gushing out upon the floor, and his malignant assassin looking fondly on.

One would suppose that such a man, for such an act so clearly proved, should be hanged as soon as tried; but no—he is acquitted, and at large.

It is not clear from cases like these, that the laws are rapidly losing their power of punishment or of protection, and that Judge Lynch is taking his seat to frequently in the courts of the land?

*Phil. Gaz.*

A wager is a fool's argument.

#### LETTER

*Of Harrison Gray Otis to John Whipple, Esq., on the Abolition Resolutions and the agitation of the Slave Question.*

JOHN WHIPPLE, Esq. Dear Sir: I received with much satisfaction your letter, with a report to the Legislature of Rhode Island, on the Abolition Resolutions, and your speech explanatory of your dissent from that report. It is certainly flattering to me to know that I live in your recollection, and that the opinion of one so long withdrawn from the notice of the world, and all participation in public affairs, could create either confidence or distrust in your own; formed with the advantage of intellect in full vigor, and defended by argument to which nothing of substance can be added—your request under these circumstances would have imposed upon me an obligation of courtesy to form the best opinion I might upon a novel subject.—But as your report (though upon a new question which you have disposed of by an eloquent and conclusive argument) grows out of an old subject—the condition of slavery among our Southern brethren, and the relationship between their rights and our duties—which has been familiar to my thoughts for half a century; I was quite prepared to examine its merits, and have no other trouble in replying to your favor, but that which is common to age—a loss where to begin and where to leave off.

Had I been a member of Congress, called to decide upon the Abolition Resolutions, I should not have voted for them. At the same time I have no doubt of the constitutional power of the House to adopt them. But I considered the original refusal of Congress to hear, commit and obtain a report upon the resolutions regarding slavery in the District of Columbia as unfortunate and impolitic. It was sure to be confounded in popular belief with a denial of the right of petition itself, and thus touch the community in its most irritable nerve. It was also an unusual and apparently an unkind and cavalier mode of cutting short a new inquiry—or an old one requested under new circumstances—entitled to attention on account of the number of petitioners. I had also predicted, three years ago, in a public speech, that the abolition movement would be mingled with political intrigue and party politics. Three objections I thought would be in a great measure obviated by the Report of the Committee, which being under the control of the majority, would have ended in the same result as laying the petition on the table, without affording plausible occasion for offense or complaint.

But I am equally free to declare that had I been a member of the Rhode Island Legislature, I should have been found on your side in opposing the report of your committee, inasmuch as the question there assumed an entirely different aspect. It is one thing for Congress to refuse to act upon a petition, and another thing for a state legislature to deny the right of the former to regulate its own proceedings. There is nothing in the Abolition Resolutions which negatives the right of petition, and nothing which in fact impairs its value. A petition in the constitutional view is a request offered to a government supposed to have jurisdiction of the subject, for a redress of some grievance. The right to frame, and of consequence to offer such a petition belongs to every peaceable assembly of the people. This right also involves the right to make the government acquainted with the subject matter of the petition—not to have it read in *extenso*, as a matter of course, in which there may be valid objections. Thousands of petitions may relate to the same single object, or to objects palpably out of the province and competency of the government to decide—on which the minds of a majority may be known to be made up. They may be flagrantly indecent, and numerous and voluminous enough to occupy in reading unreasonable time. But if not read the Legislature addressed is bound at least to harden to a statement of the subject matter—to be informed of the character of the grievances sought to be redressed. Otherwise the right of petition would be nugatory—at least nominal, and unworthy of a place among the fundamentals of a constitution—"the voice" of men "crying in the wilderness."

The right thus explained has, I think, an intrinsic value. It belongs to the whole and every portion of the people—extends to all subjects—is indispensable to an exposition of their sentiments and wants; and in popular and paternal governments, will, when exercised, command attention and obtain relief, unless the first shall, after information and reflection, be thought superfluous and the last inexpedient or impracticable. The exercise of this right in a particular case, may, as you have ingeniously shown, be of no value. Still the right remains, and has a value in itself—like a perennial fountain, in repairing to which one man's pitcher may be broken and his water spilt, while the source remains inexhaustible.

With this explanation of my views of the right and value of the privilege of petition secured by the constitution, I am prepared to go the whole length of your argument and counter report in the distinctions so elaborately drawn between the right of Congress to regulate their own proceedings, and consequently to dispose of petitions at their will and pleasure. This you have so amply illustrated, that the argument is exhausted, and little more is left for me than to say, "ditto to Mr. Burke." I will venture, however, to make one suggestion confirmatory of your views; and that, not to render them more luminous, (which cannot be done) but merely because it had occurred to me as decisive of the question from my own unaided reflection.

While the abolitionists insist upon the duty of Congress to do something more than merely hear their petitions or statement of their contents, they furnish no standard for measuring or defining its extent. They do not inform us at what stage of proceedings it may be allowable for Congress to exercise its discretion in rejecting or postponing a petition. It would seem reasonable that the claims of petitioners to the attention of Congress should not be regarded as of a higher character than those appertaining to their Representatives on the floor, that the privilege of the constituent should not exceed that of a member in his place. But it is notorious that the ordinary proceedings of Congress are upon resolutions offered by a member or reported by a committee. Every member is entitled to offer a resolution upon any subject; and it is equally certain that the house possesses and exercises at pleasure, the right of refusing to consider resolutions, and of postponing or rejecting them without debate. The lips of the member are thenceforth sealed upon the subject thus disposed of.

Suppose, however, that the same subject is afterwards presented in the form of a petition from the persons out of doors—perhaps by the same member, and that the House is constitutionally bound to entertain and act upon it because it is a petition. The action must be upon resolutions, and these must of necessity conflict with the previous decision, and supersede the rules that have been applied to resolutions on the same subject. Here, then, the right of the House to regulate its own proceedings is annulled by the right of petition.

Let this doctrine be established, and there is no vagary or extravagance which an assemblage of petitioners may not concoct into the form of a petition on which Congress must act or violate the constitution. In the North we may petition for the abolition of slavery in the United States. The South may ask to open the slave trade. One set of persons may propose to amend the Constitution by abolishing the Executive, or the Senate, or the Judiciary; another by making the President eligible for life. There are, possible, some persons in the United States who would prefer a limited monarchy to the existing government. Indeed an endless variety of projects over which a great majority of the House may be satisfied that Congress has no jurisdiction—or on which their opinions are fixed, or which they deem it impolitic, dangerous or premature to agitate; and which they would instantly suppress if propounded by one of their own members—would be forced upon their deliberations, because, forsooth, the right of petition is sacred. Thus the control of its proceedings would be taken from Congress and transferred to any and every assemblage of people convened to petition for redress of grievances. In fact the right of initiating laws and compelling Congress to act upon them would thus be involved in the right of petition, and the business of legislation, as conducted by every organized body of delegates from time immemorial would become impracticable.

But apart from the merits of this particular question, I freely confess that I regard with deep concern the intervention of our state legislatures in any shape, regarding the abolition of slavery in the South. It is none of our affair. We can do nothing towards changing or abolishing that condition, but may do, as we have done, very much towards aggravating its evils. If slavery is a stain, it is one with which the Union was born, and which cannot be removed by our efforts, unless by cutting off the limb which wears it. To judge correctly on this subject we must not only resort to the Federal Constitution, but go behind it. The members of the first Congress came from the South with a consciousness of the peculiar interest arising from their slaveholding tenure. From the North they went under the impression that all men are "born free," and would become *de facto*, whenever the colonies should become independent. Within my remembrance, in the year '76, the volunteer minute men paraded our streets with metallic letters "no slavery" on their caps—which, though not intended peculiarly to bear upon the condition of the African race of the South—pointed towards it. It was not easy for the men of the North to reconcile these doctrines of universal liberty, with the same doctrines professed by the South, but qualified, practically, by their holding slaves in bondage. There was then no resource but to leave the subject at rest and to secure the confidence of the South by leaving slavery to state jurisdiction.

It was in concession to the jealousies, fears, prejudices, and habits of the South, principally emanating from this one cause, that Peyton Randolph was chosen President of the first Congress, and George Washington commander of the army. And it is notorious that this act was the source of the "embarrassments" and "delay," in forming the Confederation of 1789, and in combining into one general system the various sentiments and interests of a continent divided "into so many sovereigns and independent communities," which are so forcibly set forth in the address to the people of the States by Congress of the preceding year. Looking into the confederation itself, we find that the parties to it are the "free inhabitants of each of these States"—terms involving the recognition of slavery, and a virtual assent to exclude slaves from the rights of freemen. Passing down to the era of the

Federal Constitution, it is manifest that the institution of slavery is by that instrument assented to, and agreed to be protected. The agreement to surrender fugitive slaves, and to tolerate the importation for a term of years, would have been pernicious mockery, if the right were mentally reserved of rendering these clauses inoperative by promoting the liberation of slaves restored or imported. Equally delusive would be the power granted to the general government of "suppressing insurrections;" if in those most likely to happen the troops ordered for service should be led by the maxims of their legislative commanders to favor the insurgents.

Thus it is beyond controversy that whatever questions may arise respecting the conflict of jurisdiction between the federal and the state governments from various constructions of the constitutional instrument; the condition of slavery in the several states is manifestly not a case of the constitution—non causus fidei—but one which the people of the United States, under full advisement of all circumstances, have absolutely abjured, and covenanted not to agitate by their representatives in Congress. This is, indeed, so incontrovertible that I do not find it denied in any quarter. But the admission of this plea to federal jurisdiction over slave property irresistibly draws after it the same conclusion against the right of state jurisdiction—and consequently the right of one state to attempt through the medium of its Legislature, by its resolutions or enactments, to regulate upon any other domestic institution than upon any other state institution of another state. Such right, it is self-evident, could have no foundation but in a federal compact. Not being found therein it becomes a nonentity. When, therefore, Rhode Island and Massachusetts adopt measures intended to have a bearing on the domestic institutions of South Carolina and Virginia, they shoot from their spheres, and assume the attitude of independent states making laws at other independent states, which can have no legal force; thus exhibiting a spectacle which but for its sinister tendency would merely deserve ridicule as a species of burlesque legislation. I am aware that the fanatical sophists in justification of these vagaries disavow the expectation and intent of promoting slave emancipation otherwise than by awakening the consciences and enlightening the understanding of the owners. With individuals or associations who sincerely expect to attain the desired consummation by these means, my view of this question has no concern. I am not speaking of the freedom of the press nor of speech, nor of pen; but of legislative propriety and dignity—of the wisdom and decorum of legislation by one sovereign state in order to enlighten the bewildered minds of another—to enact moral discourses, homilies on abstract rights and abusive commentaries on laws and customs other than their own—to formulate anathemas against the religious institutions of Canada, or the social institutions of Louisiana, which in this relation stand on the same parallel. Neither does this reasoning apply to those who, laying their hands on their hearts, can say that their object in inciting the action of the state Legislature is confined to the District of Columbia. Their number, I imagine, is exceedingly small, and while they believe it to be expedient and obligatory on their consciences to pursue this course, nobody is entitled to be judge over them. As to the rest, would to God the folly of our legislative proceedings were the worst of their effects. But I am profoundly convinced, that this mania for tampering with the slave tenure of the plantation states shall generally pervade the Legislatures of the North, or indeed be permitted to go much further, the days of this Union will shortly be numbered. The people of those states already think they discern in it, the commencement and slow approach of a mine destined to blow their social fabric into air, and they will anticipate the explosion by cutting off the communication. These suggestions, I am aware, are, with many, themes of derision and contempt. In a strain of braggart self-complacency that undervalues all powers but their own, they insist that the South dare not decide; that the measure would place this favorite interest in greater jeopardy, and be destruction to other interests. As a northern man, I have no disposition to break a lance with those who hold to these opinions. I am willing to believe that in the event of a partition of the family estates they could not manage their share of the inheritance without us. But it is lamentably true that they think otherwise, and that great names and splendid intellects among them are enlisted in propagating the opinion that they could not only do as well but better—certainly much better unless we forebear our persecution—in a separate establishment; that theirs would be the sunshine and ours the shade and the mist. They may be entirely mistaken, but in what government is it found that the passion of a people or of their rulers excited to a certain pitch do not prevail over their interest? It was not for the interest of your ancestors or mine to brave the dangers of a revolution, that their wives might "sip bobas" without paying a duty. And there are many persons among our southern brethren—probably a great majority—upon their right to their slaves, as menacing dangers to their property, liberty, lives, and social comforts, not less than those which united them with us in a common cause.

After all, the blindness of those who deny that the South can be forced to a secession from the Union, is less astonishing and dangerous than the infatuation of others who console themselves with calculations that the loss would not be sensibly felt by the rest of the confederacy. There would, say they, remain enough of population and material for all the objects of a grand, prosperous and powerful nation, and sufficient to check and if necessary give law to neighboring states. The east and west as of course would become ipso facto, a new and homogenous confederacy, without the trouble of a new arrangement among themselves—a cluster plucked from so exuberant a vine may easily be spared, and the corps d'armee would be more efficient without a wing composed of troops who are always disposed to discontent and mutiny and embarrass the operations of every campaign.

Whoever, in reply to these reckless enthusiasts, should assume the duty of showing the consequence that would be found to await the disruption of the Union, would find himself not engaged in a school-boy's calculation to be made in a day, with slate and pencil, at Columbia College, in South Carolina; but in compiling a volume of no small size, referring to the posture of the country prior to the constitution, and analyzing the wonderful changes which have occurred with time in its commercial, agricultural, political and geographical relations. The results of an investigation would, I fear, prove less flattering to the capability of the non-slave-holding states, (and especially of New England,) erected into a rival government, of persevering in the rapid advance to prosperity hitherto experienced, than some of us fondly imagine; admitting even that the scene of separation would be confined to one act, and that the rest of the Stars would continue "to sing together." But how can any with the example (and not the fear) of the fate of Republics on the southern continent of this new world before their eyes, indulge in the dream that we should divide only into two confederacies? Looking upon the map of the American continent, we perceive the garden of the world extending from Mexico and Cape Horn converted into a Bear Garden. Independent states springing up one day like mushrooms, and withering the next—yet living long enough to inflict some new calamity on their people—commit some new outrage, add some new disappointment to the friends of liberty—one day federal, the next anti-federal; changing governments, boundaries, and names, so that nothing is constant but the spirit of revolution and the causes of agitation, which, with different phases, but always enhancing intensity, broods over contiguous, jealous and rival democracies—fomenting their feuds and annihilating their prosperity. With this prospect in full view, with the news of contests, dissensions, carnage and desolation, and of perpetual civil war made the order of the day in those new fangled states, we cherish the deceitful imagination that we, an enlightened and chosen people, are beyond the reach of such calamities.

There is, we think, some charm in our character, that will prove in all events an antidote to the contagion of bad principles and the dangers of anarchy; that our people form a variety in the great family of the human species, and have a natural aptitude for making constitutions and federal compacts. But the only claim of our people to good sense pre-eminent over that of other nations, must be found, if at all, in their having framed and for so long a time administered a government sufficient for all the objects of general liberty and security, under which we are advancing to the highest summit of national prosperity. But the good sense which having acquired these advantages, is not able to retain them, and suffers the golden fruit to become an apple of discord and fell from her hands, must cease to be a subject of boast and reliance.

The first measure, under the most favorable aspect of secession, that must be inevitable, would be a convention of the people of the free states to remodel the constitution and adjust it to the new order of things. A partition treaty of some sort for the apportionment of the public domain, and the disposal of its property remaining in the South, and for regulating commerce, would be indispensable, and no power can be found in the Constitution authorizing any treaty or contract founded on the contingency of a division of the Union. Besides, the disturbance of the balance of power among the states, the location of the seat of government, and innumerable causes springing from the prodigious alteration that has occurred and is in progress in the relationship of the various parts of the Union to each other, would probably occasion a convention to be demanded with acclamation. Supposing this to take place are we of Rhode Island and Massachusetts quite secure that the first or one of the first subjects of discussion would not be a proposal for a new basis of State representation in the Senate? This, it is notorious, was the great stumbling block to the framers of the Federal Constitution which for a long time threatened to be insurmountable. And now that "empire states" have grown up within and beyond the old limits, would they be likely to acquiesce in our *disproportion* of political power in one branch of the Legislature? I not, should we be ready to resign it and if not again, do we not here discover the germ of an outbreak which would prove "the beginning of the end?" Again—without attempting to enumerate what no man can number—are we of New England satisfied that the alternative of uniting and forming a new confederacy with all the other states would be left at our option? May not the myriads of our "great valley" imagine, perhaps truly, that their interests

will be more closely affiliated with a Southern than with a Northern confederacy, and that free access to the ocean by their rivers and a free trade with Southern ports will outweigh all other considerations? In which case they will set us off "to live in Sinope." Furthermore, is our prospect of dwelling together in unity, even in New England, of harmonizing in our views of public measures and policy, altogether cheering? And are our resources so prodigious that we are ready and willing to go alone?

In a word, it is manifest that a new convention would be a different assembly from that of its predecessors. No parallel can be formed between the circumstances of the country which generated the "constitutional assembly" and its present condition. The popular sentiment everywhere was fixed and united in one conviction—the necessity of a federal government adapted to all the states. Hence a sympathy in the great community resulting from experience of common sufferings, and a good humour, from the consciousness of honesty and sincerity in their aim at a common object. Grave and weighty differences of opinion undoubtedly existed, and were brought into that convention and debated with "hearts of controversy;" but they were the hearts of great statesmen, patriots and jurists, warmed by the zeal which prevails in a Congress of Ambassadors, but untainted by the infection of the spirit of personal parties, which was as yet unknown.

In such hands we know it was a herculean labor to create a government for the Union, but they were skillful and experienced workmen, and had only to apply old and established principles in framing a new model. To this end, men were elected in reference only to high character for talents and services in the cabinet and the field, with Washington at their head. How different then was the honest strife of opinion and debate among those men; turning principally upon theories and the great fundamentals of public law and real peculiarities of local institutions and interests, and aiming sincerely at fair and honorable compromise which they providentially attained, from that to be expected from men sent from a community chafed and embittered by party passions and collisions, nominated by cabals, by the procurement of intrigue, ignorant of the first principles of constitutional or national policy. I cannot doubt that members of this description would be found in a new convention, sufficient to embarrass and defeat any comprehensive scheme of policy adapted to the exigencies of a great confederacy of states.

The times, my dear sir, are sadly out of joint—the minds of men teem with fancies in respect to government, of which our fathers never dreamed. No maxim in the science of government seems to be settled except that every thing is to be doubted. There is not a clause in the Federal Constitution which some party, when convenience suits, is not ready to meet with a special plea or demurrer. The State Constitutions are like the highways, requiring to be mended every year, and which any man can handle a spade or a pick axe, is competent to repair—thus making straight the path for the "march of intellect." The reformers are "abroad," especially in those places where the "schoolmasters" are at home. And despite of the good sense and illumination of my countrymen, I do not believe the soil of Mexico, or Colombia, or Bolivia, or Chili, or Peru, is more prolific in all the varieties of political turmoil, than would spring up in the hot-bed of a new convention of these dis-united states.

All this perhaps may strike you as the omen of an old man's dream, and may deserve no better estimate. But having in vivid recollection the great events of the revolution, from the landing of General Gage in Boston to its close, having known in my boyhood, and in riper years been honored by an intimate acquaintance with many of the members of the old Congress (of which my father was one)—having witnessed the scenes which preceded the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and been familiar with the impediments to that happy issue, which filled all minds with agonizing apprehensions for the fate of the country; it is perhaps natural that I should feel unutterable concern, as I certainly do, perceiving that the time is coming for the discussion of topics, the mention of which in a serious way would once have been regarded as the superfluous raving of a diseased mind. My personal acquaintance too with the men of the South in public and private life, for more than forty years, has been strict and durable.

I can conceive no justification for my fellow citizens this side of the line of Mason and Dixon, to throw fire brands and arrows of death on the other side of that line. The evil of slavery is not a new discovery. Its turpitude was a subject quite as familiar to the people of the North, when they sought the alliance of those of the South, as it is at this hour, or at least it was so when they framed the Constitution. If other nations have since that time abolished slavery in their own domain, the consequence is that the amount of misery incident to that condition is diminished, as we should be thus reconciled to wait for "coming events," however apparently remote, rather than to do wrong that right may come of it. But the strong and final argument in my mind is that already hinted. Our States and Legislatures can do nothing but agitate, provoke and drive to desperation our Southern brethren, defeating their own object by adding new rivers to the black man's chains, which I believe is the effect of every legislative movement. I am yet to learn how emancipation, forced



upon the planter—admitting the thing to be possible—can be reconciled with the professions of those who announce the whole science of government to consist in promoting the greatest good of the greatest number. But I must remember that while there is no end to this subject, there must be an end to your patience, and an end to your respect and esteem, your obedient servant.

H. G. OTIS.

Boston, March 2, 1852.

**Party Names.**—We do heartily wish our political papers, of both sides, could get along without such a prodigious consumption of party nicknames. They may answer some purpose on a pinch; they do to be sure, but a regular use of these articles, without regard to times and seasons, is good evidence that the space they occupy could not be conveniently filled by argument. Their sole effect is to vex and exasperate some individuals to whose party they are opposed, and to disgust the sensible and honest inquirers, of all parties.

In relation to this subject, we have more particularly in our mind's eye Federalism. Bank-bought—Bank-aristocracy—Buck-brothers, &c. &c., over all of which FEDERAL WHIGGERY reigns paramount. The term "Federal Whiggery" is the grand argument of a certain print in this state for, and all the measures of the Government. For abolitionists and defilers—the sub-treasury and Dr. Duncan, it answers the same purpose. On the other side, we are willing to admit "Loco Foco" in the list of reprehensibles. We believe the genuine Loco is not found in our climate. He is found in his natural haunts only at the North. For the honor, nay, the safety of our country we would believe that the only genuine original specimen of the animal is to be seen in the purlieus of Tammany Hall.

Southwestern Union.

**Treasury Notes.**—By the official report of the Secretary of the Treasury, it appears that during the month of March, there was issued the sum of two millions eight hundred and ninety thousand and eighty-five dollars. We should like to know what portion of this sum was in notes drawing six per cent. interest, in exchange for specie, and what paid out to public creditors in notes drawing two per cent. interest. Such a discrimination is made (and of course by order of the President,) between buying specie and paying those to whom the Government is indebted.

In regard to the manner in which some of these notes have been exchanged, we have something to say hereafter. Some of the transactions have been very curious, to say the least.

Madisonian.

**Substitute for the Sun.**—The newly invented light of M. Gaudin, on which experiments were recently made at Paris, is an improved modification of the well known invention of Lieut. Drummond. While Drummond pours a stream of oxygen, through spirals of wire, upon unslacked lime, Gaudin makes use of a more ethereal kind of oxygen, which he conducts through essences of turpentine. The Drummond light is fifteen times stronger than that of burning gas; the Gaudin light is, we are assured by the inventor, as strong as that of the sun, or thirty thousand times stronger than gas, and of course ten times more than the Drummond. The method by which M. Gaudin proposes to use the new invention is singularly striking. He proposes to erect in the island of the Point Neuf, in the middle of the Seine and centre of Paris, a light house, five hundred feet high, in which is to be placed a light from a hundred thousand to a million of gas pipes strong, the power to be varied as the nights are light or dark. Paris will thus enjoy a sort of perpetual day, and as soon as the sun of the Heaven is set, the sun of the Point Neuf will rise.

Mechanics Magazine.

**Maine.**—The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says: "Governor Fairbanks's disgraceful conduct of the 'Madawaska War' was generally condemned by the people of the State. The spring municipal elections of Maine have terminated generally in favor of the Whigs. Calais, Waterville, Belfast, Wingham, Minot, Albion, Greene, and Wilton, all of which towns were represented in the Legislature by Locos, have elected Whig town officers."

We learn from the Montgomery Advertiser, that the Express Mail was robbed on the 1st inst. between Montevideo and Ellyton, by its rider, Ralph Austin. The amount of bills and drafts confessed to have been taken is \$8,000, of which \$400, had been recovered, and is now in the hands of the Postmaster at that place. The boy has been committed.

**White Sulphur Water.**—The Lewisburg Enquirer, under the head of "a new article of commerce," says: "We have witnessed, within the present week, several wagons loaded with water from the White Sulphur Springs for various parts of the United States. About fifty tons, already sold to order, have been and are being forwarded. The proprietors, it is supposed, will be unable the present season to supply the demands. This will be a popular article of commerce, most especially with temperance societies. It is a first rate article to cool off with."

**Expensive Honors.**—Lord Durham, in his brief government of the Canadas, expended over \$15,000 from his own purse.



## HILLSBOROUGH.

Saturday, April 27.

**A Quarterly Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church** will commence in Hillsborough, on Saturday the 4th of May, at 11 o'clock.

The Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the diocese of North Carolina, will meet in Christ Church, Raleigh, on the twenty second day of May next; and not at Newbern, as stated in our last. The change has been made in consequence of the prevalence of a contagious disease in the town of Newbern.

**Eighth Congressional District.**—A proposition has been made by the Whigs of Wake for a convention of delegates from the counties composing this district, to meet at this place on Friday the 31st of May next, for the purpose of selecting some suitable person as a Whig candidate for Congress; and it will be seen, by the proceedings published in another column, that they have selected a very respectable delegation to attend the Convention. The Whigs of Orange are preparing to second this motion. We today publish the notice of a meeting for the appointment of delegates, to be held at Mr. James Turner's on the second Saturday in May. Other meetings are in contemplation, but the notices have not yet been handed in to us. It is to be hoped that similar meetings will be held in each captain's district in the county, so that the Whig party in Orange may be fully represented and their wishes made known in the Convention in May. We trust that the Whigs of Orange are earnest in their professed attachment to a pure, upright, and economical administration of our republican institutions; that they sincerely desire the prosperity and honor of their country; and that they wish to transmit all these advantages unimpaired to their children; and therefore that they require no promptings to urge every man to do his duty.

It is hoped that the Whigs of Person county will also take measures to be represented in the Convention.

**Rhode Island.**—The annual state election in Rhode Island has resulted in the choice of an entire Whig Senate, a Whig Lieutenant Governor, and a large majority in the House of Representatives. In the election for Governor, no one of the candidates received a majority of votes, and there was consequently no election. This result was owing to a division in the Whig ranks upon purely local questions. The united Whig votes, however, exceeded those of their opponents by about 800; making it almost sure that the Whig candidate for Congress will be elected at the August election.

**The United States ship Constitution** has anchored off the Battery at New York. She lacks some fifty petty officers and seamen to complete her crew, when she will sail for the Pacific.

**Pennsylvania Sugar.**—The Washington (Pa.) Reporter states that a citizen of that county made, during the season just passed, from three sugar maple trees, seventy pounds of dry sugar and two gallons of molasses. And the whole amount of sugar made in that county during the season, is estimated by the Somerset Herald to exceed one million of pounds.

The state of New Jersey, our readers are aware, is entitled to six representatives in Congress. At the election held for members of the present Congress, last autumn, the contest was so close as to throw a doubt for some time over the result; but in the end the Whig candidates obtained the returns as being all duly elected. It being understood, however, that the election of five out of the six members returned would be called in question before the House when it shall assemble, (upon grounds which we profess not to have examined,) those five Whig members, though they are returned duly elected, have, since the 4th of last month, (on which day their term of office began,) made a proposition in writing to the five gentlemen who claim their seats, proposing that both parties should resign all claim to seats under the late election, and, instead of delaying the public business by a troublesome and expensive contest in the House of Representatives, submit the matter to a full and fair trial before the people at the next fall election. This fair and generous proposition, it is understood, the opponents of the return have peremptorily declined. They evidently prefer pressing their case upon the House of Representatives to trusting it to the decision of the People. We regret

their decision, as it may perhaps cause a great and very unprofitable waste of time at the next ensuing session of Congress.

National Intelligencer.

**The News.**—The news by the Great Western has had a very happy effect on business; and the minds of business men, (in the city of New York.) It has substantially settled several questions of great importance. The first of these is the question of war. We deem the advice entirely satisfactory on this point. If there was any doubt before, there is none now, that our peaceful relations with the "mother country" will not be interrupted. Another question settled by this news is that of the continued credit of our State stocks being maintained in Europe. We can see no foundation for such doubts. Governments are trusted in Europe which are incomparably less stable than the Governments of our States, and who have never borrowed money for any other purpose than to enable them to desolate their own or some other country; while our money is all expended in adding to the resources of the states which borrow it. Their money is like water spilt upon the ground which cannot be gathered up, or, rather, like fire which burns up all that is useful; while ours is expended in public works, which afford a direct revenue for the payment of interest on their cost, while, by their indirect influence, they spread wealth on every side. Our confederated states guaranty to each state a Republican Government, and the honor and credit of each state is so interwoven with the honor and credit of all the other states in this matter of loans, that no one could refuse to maintain her faith in this respect, without incurring the deep displeasure of every member of the confederation. As to the ability of the rising empires of the West to pay the interest on debts contracted for public works or to constitute bank capitals, no one can doubt. That ability, we are confident, will always be exerted.

Another question of no small importance settled by this news is, that in the cotton war carried on between the operators of this country and the spinners of England, brother Jonathan has gained the day. The policy of holding back has been carried out with such strength and steadiness in this country, that prices have been forced up on the other side near the point where the operators here say they ought to be. Twelve months ago, cotton was worth just about half its present price. The advance has been chiefly pocketed by the Americans, and a pretty parcel of fortunes it has distributed among us. The cotton is still owned in this country. It will now go forward more freely, and so will probably keep down the rates of European exchanges, and give confidence to our banks and moneyed men.

These views, and others of the same sort, together with the flocking of the Western merchants to the city at this their accustomed period, have put a new face on affairs this week. Business in all departments is much more brisk, rents are better, money more plenty, confidence stronger, and, indeed, the land seems once more full before us.

Journal of Commerce.

**Steam Vessels of War.**—We understand, says the New York Express, that the Board which have been setting in Washington, to devise and recommend plans and models for sea steam vessels of war, have determined to build two steam frigates of over 1,000 tons burthen, to carry 10 guns each, viz: two bomb canons and eight 42 pounders. One is to be constructed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

**Our Mines.**—Again.—Since our last, we have heard of the discovery of very rich ore at the Leamon's Mine, about 15 miles S. E. from this place. It is believed by gentlemen who have seen the ore, that one bushel of the best would be worth at least \$5,000, and the poorest at about \$100 per bushel. This mine is situated on a ridge running from Fox's Hill in a south-westerly direction, to the Catawba river, and in every instance where the ridge has been penetrated, fine specimens of its richness have been discovered.

A new mine has lately been opened on the land of Mr. Elam Hunter, about five miles east of Charlotte, the ore of which is considered good, some specimens of which we have seen. This land, which would have been considered high at \$500, has been increased in value several thousands.

The Rodger's mine, about 17 miles east of this place, discovered several months ago, is also found to be rich in the precious metal, masses having been found imbedded in quartz rock, one piece itself being worth \$3000.

The Rudisill mine, which has not been worked for some months, has been reopened under the superintendence of Capt. Penman with a fine prospect of success. Every indication seems to strengthen former opinions, that the mineral resources of this section of country are almost inexhaustible; and we would consider ourselves under great obligation to gentlemen engaged in mining if they would furnish us with the results of their experiments, as it is a subject of general interest to the community.

Charlotte Journal.

**Another patriot Gone.**—Col. Aaron Ogden, a soldier and a patriot of the Revolutionary War, formerly Governor of New Jersey, died on Friday, at Jersey City, full of years and honors. Col. Ogden participated in many of the stirring events of the Continental War, in which

the little state of New Jersey took a most active part.

The Senate of Michigan have wisely rejected the monstrous agrarian proposition of the other house, proclaiming that real estate, valued at such extravagant prices as the arbitrary will of land speculators shall upon it, shall be a legal tender for the payment of debts.

Poulson.

The Boston Gazette says that Daniel Webster intends to visit Europe with his family, the present season. He will sail from New York about the 1st of May, for Liverpool, and will return next autumn.

**Great Freshet.**—We have just experienced another of the largest freshets that ever occurred in our waters. It commenced raining on Thursday evening last, and continued almost without interruption until Saturday morning, which together with a quantity of snow that still remained among the hills near the source of the Delaware, formed such a body of water that the banks of the streams were unable to contain it. The water completely inundated the banks of the Basin and the several Locks opposite Easton; and also the whole line of the State Canal, as far as we have been able to ascertain. The farms along the banks of the creeks and the rivers have in many places sustained great injury, by the fences being carried off, and the grain-fields buried by the muddy water. A mill-dam on the Bushkill was swept away, and several others were greatly damaged. One or two bridges, we are informed, were also destroyed on the same stream. The Delaware was twenty-three feet above high-water mark, at the Easton Bridge.

Northampton Whig (Pa.)

### INDIAN CRUELTY.

Extract of a letter, received in this city, dated near Monticello, (Pa.) March 21st.

"We are still in constant dread of the Indians. About ten days ago they attacked a family so near to Monticello as six miles; the old man, Mr. Gray, was sitting at his fireside reading an almanac, which he had that evening purchased at a store in Monticello. They entered the house so quietly and with such a light and stealthy step, that they were not heard until they were in the room; they instantly fired upon the poor old man and killed him. Miss Gray was sitting with her little brother in her arms; they wounded her in the stomach, the ball passing through the little boy's leg. Despairing of life, she forced her way right through the midst of them; she succeeded in getting into the yard, when the child was taken from her; she received two other wounds, a stab on the shoulder and a blow on the head which cut her severely. After all this she escaped, and is recovering. The poor little boy suffered a great deal; he says that after the Indians took him from his sister they threw him down and stamped upon his head, after which he remembers no more. He was taken up the next morning for dead, but life was not yet extinct; he lay insensible for four days with his head swollen to a most unnatural size, but the doctor thinks he will recover. One of the old man's daughters escaped with two children without the slightest injury, but the youngest one was found the next morning dead before the house, having been stabbed through the heart. After plundering the house they set it on fire, and poor Mr. Gray, who two hours before was as well as any of us, was consumed in his house and his ashes mingled with those of his home. His children are now destitute, and added to that list of numberless orphans which this horrible war has made. Charleston Courier.

The Niles Intelligencer publishes a letter from Prairie du Chien, dated March 2d, stating that trouble was anticipated with the Winnebago Indians this spring, as a great number of them were collecting on Rock river, who have taken the bold stand that they will not move to the west of the Mississippi according to their treaty, but will die on the land owned by their forefathers. The Chief who killed Paquette is at the head of the movement. Cleveland Herald.

The following fine compliment to Mr. Webster's style, is from a discourse by President Wylie, of Bloomington College, (Ind.) on the importance of classical studies:

The classical allusions which abound in the productions of men of genius must of necessity lie concealed from the eye of all except the classical scholar. Take, for example, the last speech of Mr. Webster. You have doubtless all read it. Every body has read it, or ought to read it. But among millions in Europe, as well as in this country, who have been delighted with it, none but classical scholars have had a full perception of its numerous classical beauties—its terse-ness and solidity, its purity and vigor, its vivacity and Attic wit, which, with its numerous classical allusions, render it a perfect treat to such as have a just taste for the excellencies of a chaste and manly style of composition. May we not hope that, though the Goths and Vandals do threaten the land, our reading community will yet continue to be favored with productions of similar excellence, and that our children shall not be shut out from communion with the master minds of the literary world, as they must be, if the key of classical knowledge be thrown away, or left to perish by the rust of neglect?

Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

From the Star.

### Whig Meeting.

Pursuant to a notice previously given, a meeting of the Whigs of Wake county was held in the court house on Saturday last. On motion of Charles Manly, esq., Mr. Parker Rand was called to the chair, and Henry W. Miller appointed Secretary. The following resolutions were then introduced by Mr. Gales:

**Resolved.** That we consider the efforts of the administration to force upon the country the sub-treasury, fraught with all its corrupt and injurious tendencies, after its repeated rejection by the representatives of the people, as an attempt at dictation which should be met with prompt and unqualified condemnation.

**2. Resolved.** That we earnestly recommend to the Whigs of this Congressional District greater vigilance and more active exertion in their opposition to the unparalleled corruption and extravagance of the present administration, its dangerous experiments on the currency, and its interference, through the patronage of the General Government, with the freedom of elections.

**3. Resolved.** That we recommend to each of the counties composing the 8th Congressional District, to appoint delegates to meet in the town of Hillsborough, on Friday, the 31st of May next, to nominate a suitable Whig Candidate for Congress.

**4. Resolved.** That the chairman of this meeting appoint a committee of three to recommend suitable persons to represent the Whigs of Wake county in the Convention; and that it shall also be their duty to appoint committees of vigilance in each Captain's District in this county.

The Chairman then appointed Messrs. Manly, George W. Haywood and Alfred Williams, as a committee in accordance with the last resolution. After a short interval Mr. Manly reported that they recommended the following persons to represent the Whig party in the Convention to be assembled at Hillsborough, viz: Alfred Jones, Thomas Hicks, John McCullers, Allen Rogers, jr., W. R. Gales, Gen. Crenshaw, W. J. Fuller, Robt. W. Haywood and Thomas J. Lemay. He also stated that the committees of vigilance would be appointed in due time and notified. The report was concurred in, and on motion of Mr. Haywood, the meeting then adjourned.

PARKER RAND, Chairman.

HENRY W. MILLER, Sec'y.

**Important from Mexico.**—By slips from New Orleans papers of April 10th and 11th, we have news of the arrival of the French steam ship Meteoere from Vera Cruz, with the intelligence that the convention entered into between Admiral Baudin and the Mexican Commissioners, had been ratified by the Government unconditionally.

Intelligence from the interior of Mexico states that Santa Ana received \$200,000 from the merchants of Mexico for signing the treaty. This sum, joined with the threats of Admiral Baudin to act with vigor, and the declaration of the inhabitants of Vera Cruz that they should place themselves under the protection of France and of the federalists of Mexico, in case the treaty should not be ratified, induced Santa Ana to sign.

### Weekly Almanac.

APRIL.	Sun	Sat	Sun	Sat
23 Thursday	5 21	6 30		
24 Friday	5 20	6 40		
25 Saturday	5 19	6 41		
26 Sunday	5 18	6 42		
27 Monday	5 17	6 43		
28 Tuesday	5 16	6 44		
1 Wednesday	5 15	6 45		

**To the Millers of Orange & adjoining Counties.**

**Bolting Cloths!—Bolting Cloths!!**

THE subscriber has just received a few pieces of Bolting Cloths of very superior quality and the most approved brand—which he offers at New York retail prices. He can safely say they will give satisfaction to all who will give them a trial.

JOHN U. KIRKLAND.

April 25.

### Notice.

ALL Letters and Papers directed to the Clerk of the Superior Court of Orange, must be Post Paid, or they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

JAMES H. NORWOOD, C. S. C.

April 25.

**"Retrenchment and Reform."**

A POLITICAL MEETING will be held on the 1st day of the Month of May next (the second Saturday in May next) for the purpose of appointing delegates to attend the convention proposed to be held at Hillsborough on Friday the 31st of May next, to fit upon some suitable person as a candidate for Congress in opposition to Dr. Montgomery. All who are opposed to the ruinous measures, the extravagance and usurpations of the present administration, and who desire the restoration of a pure republican government, are requested to attend.

A WHIG.

April 25.

**Mail Arrangement.**

ALL letters intended to go by either of the stages, should be lodged in the Post Office before six o'clock, P. M.

THOMAS CLANCY, P. M.

April 26.

**Silk Worm Eggs, For Sale.**

ONE ounce of Silk Worm Eggs, in a fine state of preservation, for sale.

Apply at this Office.

April 26.

## NEW Spring and Summer GOODS.

THE subscribers having opened a Store in the well-known house, formerly occupied by Col. Shields, on Churton street, one door below the Post Office, are now receiving a general assortment of

### Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

of almost every description, which will be sold as low as they can be offered in this market, we will not say lower, as promises are of little avail, but hope our friends, and those wishing to purchase, will examine our stock previous to buying elsewhere, and let our actions speak instead of words.

OUR STOCK COMPRISES

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Persian Cloth, Bombazines, Crapes, Cambrics, French, English and American Prints, Printed LAWNS and MUSLINS, Black, Blue-Black, and Coloured SILKS, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO,

Hardware and Cutlery, Glass, Queensware, Crockery, and Stone Ware, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Bonnets, Cotton Yarn, Castings and Seythe Blades, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Powder, Shot, Nails, Window Glass, White Lead, &c. &c. &c.

And many other articles too numerous to mention. Call and see.

PARKER & NELSON.

April 18.

### Boot & Shoe-making Business.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the public, that they have taken the stand formerly occupied by Mr. David H. Gates as a Shoe Shop, where they intend carrying on the above business. Every exertion will be made on their part to please those who may favor them with their custom, and they earnestly ask the public to give them a trial.

BOOTS and SHOES made to order, and all orders will be executed with dispatch.

HENRY R. BOSHAMER.

RICHARD H. LEE.

April 18.

### Junto Academy.

THIS Institution, twelve miles north-west from Hillsborough, Orange county, N. C. and six miles north of Mason Hall, enjoys a location in the midst of an agreeable neighborhood, surrounded by a pleasant country, which an exceedingly pure and salubrious atmosphere, a peaceful seclusion and other important advantages, combine to render peculiarly eligible and inviting. Here the student is invited, by the prospect of study, uninterrupted by ill health, and those other causes which frequently so much retard the progress of youth. Here the path to virtue and honorable distinction lies open before him, with few, but real allurements, to withdraw him from the pursuit, with comparatively few temptations to lead him astray.

The student who comes here is forthwith incorporated into a family, which liberality, has been a contented and happy one; over whom a parental government is exercised, and a vigilant eye kept. He immediately becomes the subject of all a father's solicitude, exertions and anxieties.

As it is designed that this institution shall be a classical school of the highest grade, classical literature constitutes a distinct department, under the immediate and particular supervision of the Principals himself. Ample provisions are made to prepare students for any of the Universities of the country, or to impart to those who design only to take an academical course, a thorough acquaintance with classical literature.

The English department, which is separate and distinct, is under the direction of an efficient and competent instructor; so that all requisite facilities are afforded for the prosecution of such English studies as are generally prosecuted in Academies of the highest grade.

The Principal is now making extensive additions to his accommodations for boarders, so that in a short time rooms will be open for 18 or 20 boarders. Good board can also be procured in the neighborhood.

Tuition in the Classical Department, per session of five months, \$12 50.

English Department, \$8 per session.

Board per month, exclusive of lights, \$7 50.

The present session will end on the 15th of June next.

The next session will commence on the 15th of July.

Those who may wish to correspond with the Principal of this Academy, will please to address him as Postmaster at Junto.

D. W. KERR.

April 16.

## NEW GOODS.

**Just Received**—A LARGE SUPPLY OF SPRING GOODS.

**O. F. LONG & Co.**

WE have just received, and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring Supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

A Large and General Assortment of

**Dry Goods, &c.**

COMPRISES

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Satinets, FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRINTS, PRINTED LAWNS & MUSLINS, Black & Coloured Silks, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO

Hardware and Cutlery, Shot Guns, Hats, and Shoes, Bonnets, Crockery, Cotton Yarn, School Books, Stationery, &c.

All of which they will sell at the lowest prices for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

April 18.



# A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY THE CELEBRATED ROSSEAU.

"I confess, that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me; that the sanctity of the Gospel speaks to my heart. View the books of the philosophers with all their pomp: what a littleness have they when compared with this! Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and simple, should be the work of man? Is it possible that he, whose history it records, should be himself a mere man? Is this the style of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners! What affecting grace in his instructions! What elevation in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what delicacy, and what justness in his replies! What empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the philosopher, who knows how to act, to suffer, and to die without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato paints his imaginary just man, covered with all the ignominy of guilt, and deserving all the honors of virtue, he paints Jesus Christ in every stroke of his pencil: the resemblance is so strong that all the fathers have perceived it, and that it is not possible to mistake it. What prejudices, what blindness, must they have, who dare to draw a comparison between the son of Sophroniscus and the son of Mary! What distance is there between the one and the other! As Socrates died without pain and without disgrace, he found difficulty in supporting the character to the end; and if this easy death had not shed a lustre on his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing but a sophist. They say that he invented morality. Others before him had practised it: he only said what they had done; he only read letters on their examples. Aristides had been just, before Socrates explained the nature of justice; Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates made it the duty of men to love their country; Sparta had been temperate, before Socrates praised temperance; Greece had abounded in virtuous men, before he defined virtue. But where could Jesus have taken among his countrymen that elevated and pure morality, of which he alone furnished both the precepts and the example? The most lofty wisdom was heard from the bosom of the most furious fanaticism; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues honoured the vilest of all people. The death of Socrates, serenely philosophizing with his friends, is the most gentle that one can desire; that of Jesus expiring in torments, injured, derided, reviled by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear. When Socrates takes the poisoned cup, he blesses him who presents it, and who at the same time weeps: Jesus in the midst of a horrid punishment prays for his enraged executioners. Yes: if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God. Shall we say that the history of the Gospel is invented at pleasure? My friend, it is not thus that men invent; and the actions of Socrates, concerning which no one doubts, are less questioned than those of Jesus Christ. After all, this is shifting the difficulty instead of solving it: for it would be more inconceivable that a number of men should forge this book in concert, than that one should furnish the subject of it. Jewish authors would never have devised such a manner, and such morality; and the Gospel has characters of truth so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be still more astonishing than is here."

## Spirit of the Age.

### ANECDOTE OF TWO ARAB CHIEFS.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Basra, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifiee. It fell out, that the Pacha of Bagdad, being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief of the Anizees to send him forthwith 20,000 men; and the order was obeyed. The Pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montifiee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand from him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief; and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the Pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds. If now you command that 10,000 of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck, you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the Pacha sternly in the face, and replied: "Your slight knowledge of the Arabic character has led you into this error. Had you sent me to know what my tribe, when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned, but at this, my reply cannot but be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so; there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become my avenger. The Arab may be treated with, when free, but when a prisoner, never."

The hungry Pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood

calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the Pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the Pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict, I should not have interposed, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be first to strike off his chains. There are 20,000 lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe." The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "We are now again enemies; we only acted as Arabs should always act to each other; but you are now safe and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostility is renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the Pacha. *Buckingham's Lectures.*

**Growth of France.**—A late Paris journal remarks that within the last one hundred and thirty years, the population of France has been doubled; the total revenue has become six times, and the total imports five times, as great as they were; while the average revenue and imports for each individual have, in the same time, been tripled.

## STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Orange County.

In Equity—March Term, 1839.

William N. Pratt, and others, vs. Reuben Carden, and others.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Benjamin Johnson and Sarah his wife are not inhabitants of this state, it is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for six weeks successively, that unless the said Benjamin Johnson and Sarah his wife, be and appear at the next term of this Court, to be held at the Court House in Hillsborough, on the second Monday in September next, and plead, answer or demur, the bill will be taken pro confesso as to them, and set down for hearing ex parte.

JAMES WEBB, C. & M. E. Price adv. 24 50. 64-6

## List of Letters.

Remaining in the Post Office at Hillsborough, N. C. on the 1st day of April, 1839, which, if not taken out in three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

- |   |  |                        |
|---|--|------------------------|
| A | John Allen 3                           | Mrs. Mary Laws 2       |
|   | James Allison                          | John Lockhart          |
|   | James H. Atkinson                      | Miss Mary E. Lane      |
|   | Deacon S. Arnold                       | Nicephor Leonard       |
|   | Robert Anderson                        | Silas M. Link          |
| B | Miss Harriet Booth                     | Alex. Montgomery       |
|   | Ally & Mercury, servants of Mr. Burgin | James Montgomery       |
|   | William Baldwin 2                      | William M. Dowell      |
|   | James Baldwin                          | Hunter McCulloch       |
|   | Mosher Barton                          | Miss Eliza McCown      |
|   | John Bowers                            | Thomas McCracken       |
|   | James P. Brown                         | John or Aaron Marcom   |
|   | Joseph Barlow                          | Rev. Thomas Mason      |
|   | James Brockwell                        | Andrew C. Murdock      |
|   | William Brown                          | Rev. Robert C. Maynard |
|   | Reuben Batehler                        |                        |
|   | Kedrick Brown                          | William Nichol         |
|   |  | James E. Norcott       |
| C | George F. Coggins                      | Henry O'Daniel         |
|   | Guffy Crabtree                         | Hollowell Old          |
|   | Edward Cowles                          | George Pratt 2         |
|   | James H. Christie                      | Thomas G. Pratt 3      |
|   | John Crabtree                          | John Price             |
|   | Thomas Crabtree                        | Edward Pender          |
|   | William Chabbelee                      | William Piper          |
|   | Abel Cain                              | Henry Pickett          |
|   | William Carrington                     |                        |
|   | David Comb                             | Henry Richard          |
|   | Abraham Crabtree                       | Copland Riley          |
|   | Mary Clark                             | James Riley (of James) |
|   | Reuben Carden                          | George Ray             |
|   | Levin Carmichael                       | William D. Ray         |
| D | Roland Davis                           | William M. Roberts     |
|   | Hampson Dollar                         | William Roberts 2      |
|   | William Dollar                         | James Riggs 2          |
|   | Timothy Davis                          | Chester P. Ramey       |
|   | William Daskin                         | James Rainey           |
|   | James Daugherty                        | John Rife              |
|   |  | John Reeves            |
|   |  | John Reeves            |
|   |  | George Reeves          |
|   |  | Wilson Ribou           |
|   |  | John U. Roberts        |
| E | Hugh Fauette                           | William Smith 3        |
|   | James Fauette                          | James Sangha           |
|   | Abel Fauette                           | Leonard Smith          |
|   | Green Findley                          | Joseph Steel           |
|   | Alexander Forrest                      | Mrs. Nancy Steel       |
|   |  | Gen. John Smith        |
|   |  | William F. C. Smith    |
| H | Paul Hartt                             | James Turner           |
|   | Robert Hall, sen.                      | Abel Thompson          |
|   | Thomas Hutchins                        | Samuel Tate            |
|   | David Housler                          | Peter Thomson          |
|   | Kendy Horton                           | Joseph L. Turner       |
|   | John Holloway                          |                        |
|   | John Hunter                            | William H. Woods       |
|   | James Hasty                            | Charles Wilson         |
|   | John Halley                            | William Wilson         |
|   | James T. Hutchins                      | Samuel Wortham         |
|   | Leroy Hudson                           | Joseph D. Webb         |
|   | Cave & Holland                         | Henderson Woods        |
|   | John Hodges                            | Lemuel Wilkerson       |
|   |  | James Wilkins          |
|   |  | John C. Walker         |
|   |  | Grandison Woods        |
|   |  | Charles Yancy          |
|   |  | George Yancy           |
| I | John H. Ingram                         |                        |
| J | Charles Jordan                         |                        |
|   | Samuel Jordan                          |                        |
|   | James Jones                            |                        |
|   | Hargis Johnston                        |                        |
|   | William C. Jackson                     |                        |
|   | Cpl. Thomas Jones                      |                        |
| K | John Kelly 3                           |                        |
|   | John W. Keith 3                        |                        |
|   | Alex. M. Kirkland 2                    |                        |

THOS. CLANCY, P. M. April 1. 61-

## Five Cents Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber on Thursday the 28th ultimo, a bound boy by the name of MARTIN JACKSON, aged about eighteen years. All persons are forbid harboring or employing him under the penalty of the law. SOLOMON FULLER. April 5. 64-

## Richmond Foundry AND MACHINE SHOP.

THIS establishment has been in successful operation for nearly thirty years, and is one of the most extensive and complete, south of the Potomac.

The Proprietors are prepared to receive orders for Castings of all descriptions.

Mill Geering, Stationary and Locomotive Engines, Rail Road Wheels, Tobacco and Oil Presses, Bells of all sizes.

Plans and estimates furnished when required.

All orders addressed to the subscribers, at Richmond, or to HENDERSON & McPHERTERS, Agents, Petersburg, Va., will be executed with promptness and on moderate terms.

D. J. BORN & Co. Richmond, 1839.

Cash will be paid for 4 or 5,000 lbs. of old COPPER, for the above establishment.

HENDERSON & McPHERTERS, General Agents, & Commission Merchants, Petersburg, Va. 64-1m

## Fresh Garden Seeds.

A SMALL supply of Fresh Garden Seeds, just received, and for sale by A. PARKS. March 14. 61-

## A NEW SERIES.

A DESIRABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

## THE FOURTH VOLUME OF BURTON'S Gentleman's Magazine, AND AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

COMMENCED on the first of January, 1839. Terms, Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Two large volumes of nearly 1,000 pages are published every year.

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The most distinguished Writers of America fill the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine with original contributions.

The Review department of the Gentleman's Magazine, which has elicited notice from all points of the literary circle, will continue to present a complete account of the popular literature of the day, with liberal extracts from rare and popular works. Translations from the lighter portions of the French, German, Spanish and Italian authors, occur in every number. Copious and Anecdotal Biographies of Eminent men of the day, with Engraved Likenesses, will frequently ornament the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine.

## Field Sports and Manly Pastimes.

Arrangements have been made with a writer of acknowledged ability to produce in the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine, a monthly series of articles, descriptive of the various Manly Sports and Pastimes, embracing a fund of information not elsewhere attainable, and illustrated, in its course, by several hundred engravings on wood, by Farnisher, from designs by Landseer, Cooper, Cruikshank, etc.

Among others, the following subjects will be particularly exemplified:—The Art of Fencing, in all its branches, including the Rifle and Pistol Shooting, with ample directions and valuable hints to the young gunner.

The Natural History of the American Game Birds.

Boating and Sailing, with a full description of the various fishing crafts, and an interesting account of the principal Yacht Clubs in Europe.

The Horse and the Dog, in all their varieties, with every requisite respecting Purchase, Breeding, Breaking and Keeping.

Angling, with an account of American Fishes.

Archery, with its Customs, &c., and a History of its Rise and Progress.

Skating, Quoits, Cricket, Racket, Fives, and other Ball Games.

Among others, the whole, a valuable Cyclopaedia of useful and agreeable knowledge.

The Second and Third Volumes of nearly one thousand pages, contain the Celebrated ANNIVERSARY REGISTER, and Monthly Calendar of American Chronology, complete for every day in the year.

Subscribers forwarding a Five Dollar Bill, may command a year's subscription and the volume of these two volumes, in numbers, by the mail. Or any friend, or well-wisher, transmitting the names of five, or more subscribers, at three dollars each, will receive the two volumes for 1838, containing the Calendar, free of expense.

For the convenience of subscribers, various combinations have been formed, wherein the transmission of a five dollar bill will save material trouble.

A five dollar bill, of par value, will command two years' subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine—or two copies for one year, if sent to one direction.

A five dollar bill, of par value, will command one year's subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine, and one year's subscription to the Lady's Book, published in Philadelphia by Mr. Goddy, at three dollars per annum.

A five dollar bill, of par value, will command one year's subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine, and one year's subscription to any of the popular Weekly Papers published in Philadelphia; and the proprietor pledges himself to the given direction. By this means, subscribers at a distance may save postage and discount, and depend upon the receipt of their chosen works.

At the termination of the time paid for and agreed upon, the subscriber must intimate his intention of discontinuance, or pay the ensuing year upon demand.

Editors of newspapers are requested to oblige us with a few insertions of our advertisements, and accept the Magazine for regular notice; a copy of the paper containing notice of advertisement is requested to be sent to the Editor—but a regular exchange is not solicited, as newspapers sent to magazines are liable to postage.

CHANGE OF OFFICE. Wm. E. Burton, Editor and Publisher, opposite the Exchange, Duck street, Philadelphia—where all orders and communications, postage paid, are requested to be directed. March 1. 63-

## NEW WATCHES, Jewellery, &c. &c.



THE subscriber, having just returned from Philadelphia, where he has been to procure articles in his line of business, has the pleasure of offering to his friends, and the public generally, a handsome and excellent assortment of

## Gold and Silver Layers.

PLAIN AND VERGE WATCHES.

Fine Gold Chains, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Pencils, Silver Tea and Table Spoons, Music Boxes, Knives, &c. &c.

Also, a good assortment of Perfumery.

All of which, being selected by himself, he can promise will be found excellent articles.

Particular attention will be given to the repair of Watches committed to his charge; and all work put into his hands will be executed with reasonable despatch.

LEMUEL LYNCH. April 1. 63-

## To Bridge Builders.

WILL be let to the lowest bidder on Tuesday the 7th May next, the repairing the bridge across the Alamance, near Judge Ruf. E. N.

WILLIAM HOLT, GEORGE FOUST, JOHN STOCKARD, HANDY WOOD, NICHOLAS ALBRIGHT. April 8. 64-

## GOELICK'S Matchless Sanative.

THE subscriber keeps this invaluable medicine for sale at Pleasant Grove Post Office, Orange County. Its merits have been abundantly tested in the cure of the Consumption, diseases of the Liver, &c.

GAB. B. LEA, Agent. Pleasant Grove, Orange, April 8. 64-

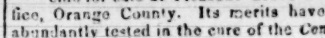
## WANTED.

A FIRST rate Journeyman Cabinet Maker, to whom constant employment and good wages will be given.

Apply to the subscriber, living six miles north of M'Ginnis, Trolinger & Co.'s Cotton Factory. WILLEY MURRAY. February 20. 63-

## ORANGE HOTEL.

Hillsborough, N. C.



THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that this large and commodious establishment, situated on the street leading directly west from the Court House, is now open for the reception of Travellers and Regular Boarders. Having erected this building especially for a Hotel, no expense or pains will be spared to give it character abroad, his customers may therefore rest assured that his accommodations will be good.

Families desirous of spending some time in the place, may find comfortable accommodations at the Orange Hotel.

ISAIAH H. SPENCER. October 17. 41f-

## BETHMONT Female Academy.

THE exercises of this institution, (twelve miles south west from Hillsborough,) will commence on the first day of February, and will continue without interruption for two sessions; the vacation will be given in the months of December and January. The price of tuition is eight dollars a session; Drawing and Painting two dollars extra. The increase of this school is a sufficient evidence of the general satisfaction which Mrs. Morrow has given in the management of her school; and we hesitate not to say, that those who wish to give their daughters a liberal education would do well to confide them to her care.

Board, five dollars a month.

THOS. D. OLDHAM, JAMES THOMPSON, ELIJAH PICKARD. December 22. 61-

## Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of LATHAM & MEBANE, or to JAMES MEBANE, Jr. are requested to call on the subscriber and make immediate settlement; otherwise their accounts will be put into the hands of an officer for collection. Longer indulgence cannot be given.

JAMES MEBANE, Jr. January 23. 61-

## House and Lot For Sale—in Hillsborough.

The subscriber finding it necessary, on account of the location of his business, to remove to the Hillsborough and Lot which he now occupies, formerly known as Simpson's Lot. The lot is situated on Church or Main street, near the Presbyterian Church; is very convenient to the market and business part of the town, and yet sufficiently private to answer well the purpose of a private family. It contains near an acre of ground, and has on it a large two story framed Dwelling, good Kitchen, Smoke-House, and other out houses, all of which are comparatively new, having been built by Mr. Simpson within a few years. The dwelling house has four rooms, with a good fire place in each, and two more rooms may be added with very little expense. The garden, which is very rich, is almost entirely level, and free from stones. Possession may be had at any time, on a very few days notice. For terms apply to Mr. James Phillips of this place, or to the subscriber.

JAMES C. HOLLAND. December 4. 42-

## Job Printing.

NEATLY & EXPEDITIOUSLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE Hillsborough Recorder, ENLARGED.

### TO THE PUBLIC.

After some unexpected delays, we have this week been enabled to present the Recorder to its readers upon an enlarged sheet. This has emphatically been called the age of improvement; but in all the multiplied forms in which this spirit has manifested itself during the last twenty years, perhaps in none is it more perceptible than in the appearance of the public press. The newspapers of our villages now, surpass in size and neatness those formerly issued from our largest cities.

It has long been our desire that the Recorder should reflect a portion of this spirit of the age; and an effort to accomplish this desire, we felt was due to that portion of our friends who have continued to sustain us through good and through evil report. This enlargement of our sheet necessarily involves a considerable additional expense; but we are mistaken in the people of Orange, if we may not safely throw ourselves upon their generosity, and with confidence hope that they will duly appreciate the benefits of a free and honest press, and extend to it such a portion of patronage as will, in some degree at least, compensate the care and toil and expense necessary to sustain it.

It is now more than eighteen years since we commenced our establishment at this place, during which time we have had many difficulties to encounter. The storms of political strife engender many prejudices which it is sometimes vain to attempt to allay; and the zeal of popular enthusiasm creates preferences which yield nothing to honesty of purpose.

These things tend greatly to depress a village newspaper, the prosperity of which depends almost solely on the patronage of the county in which it is published; and we ought not, perhaps, to expect entirely to escape their influence. But we have had more potent adversaries than these. It is said of the church of Rome, that she withholds the Bible from the common people, that they may not, through ignorance of the true meaning, be led into heresies; the priests only are to read and interpret for them. So it is with some of our self-styled Republicans: they are afraid to trust the people, and if it was in their power, they would entirely prohibit the circulation of all papers which do not perfectly square with their notions. Notable to contend openly for their doctrines, they would suppress all inquiry. And this is the spirit which has been operating for several years to undermine the circulation of the Recorder, and if possible to break up the establishment. At one time this was very nigh being accomplished; we were reduced almost to the last extremity; the star of our hope had sunk almost to the very horizon. But amid all this darkness, we were sustained by a consciousness of the integrity of our purpose and the justness of our cause; and perseverance has enabled us to witness the return of a brighter day. Our star of hope is now again in the ascendant; and we trust that under its enlivening influence we shall be permitted long to battle for truth and sound principles, with our flag nailed to the mast—"UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS."

Our enlarged sheet will enable us to embrace a greater variety of matter than heretofore; and we shall endeavor to gratify the various tastes of our readers, by placing before them every good thing we can select from our exchange papers and other periodicals, whether of Morality, Literature, or Politics. In all our selections our object will be, to blend instruction with amusement, to inform the judgment, elevate the mind, and mend the heart. In political matters, we shall not extendate through favor, nor set down ought in malice, but on all occasions shall endeavor to give "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Having fewer advertisements, our paper in its enlarged form will perhaps contain as much reading matter as any other paper in the state. We shall endeavor always to procure good paper, and to make the impression fair and legible. When these things are considered, with the fact that the whole contents of the paper will be selected expressly for the people of this section of county, we hope those who have been in the habit of sending abroad for their papers, may be induced to bestow their patronage upon their own press, and thereby build up an establishment respectable in its appearance and useful in its operation.

To those of our friends who coincide with us in opinion, we might make an appeal, urging upon them the expediency of exerting their influence to extend the circulation of our paper; but we deem it unnecessary. They surely have discernment enough to know, that before their principles can triumph, light must be spread among the people.

We would also remind those of opposite politics, that the columns of the Recorder are always open to respectful and decent communications, as well from their party as our own; and that we shall endeavor on all occasions to give an impartial and faithful account of the transactions of the day. And further, when our important measure shall come before Congress, upon which we may think the public mind requires to be enlightened, we shall consider it a duty always to give speeches on both sides of the question.

With these brief remarks we submit our cause to the people of Orange, and trust that they will mete out to us a due portion of liberality.

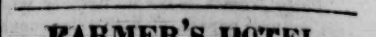
Hillsborough, N. C., May 9, 1838.

## Look at This.

THE Printing Establishment of the Milton Spectator is offered for sale on accommodating terms. To a practical printer, with a small family, the situation is a very desirable one. Professional and other engagements, demanding at present the whole of my time, alone prevent me from again assuming the Editorial chair, which, with some exceptions, has been to me a source of pleasure and profit. There is, perhaps, no village in the state that holds out better inducements for an establishment of the kind.

N. J. PALMER. Milton, N. C. Jan. 24. 60-

## FARMER'S HOTEL.



### Mr. Richison Nichols

HAS taken charge of this well known establishment, and is prepared to accommodate Travellers in a comfortable manner.

Stage passengers will find it very convenient, as it is directly opposite the Post Office.

Regular Boarders will be received on accommodating terms.

August 15. 60-

## Boarding House.

A FEW regular Boarders can be accommodated by the subscriber, at the old stand of John Faddis, deceased.

Persons desiring it can also be accommodated during Court week.

THOMAS D. CRAIN. February 15. 60-

## MRS. VASSEUR

THIS just received, in addition to her former assortment of

## CONFECTIONARIES,

a fresh supply of the following articles, viz. A FULL ASSORTMENT OF CANDIES.

Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Oranges, Lemons, Walnuts, Apples, Brazil Nuts, Figs, Filberts, Prunes, Cheese, and a variety of SEGARS.

The Fruit and Nuts are of the new crop, and of excellent quality.

December 6. 42-

## GOELICK'S Matchless Sanative.

THIS invaluable Medicine, which has performed astonishing cures in the Consumption, and other diseases of the liver, is kept constantly for sale by the subscriber, at Hillsborough Post Office, (Orange county).

HENRY FOGLEMAN. March 13. 61-11

## Equity Sale.

IN obedience to a decree of the Court of Equity for Orange county, made at March Term, 1839, I shall sell before the court house, in the town of Hillsborough, on Monday the 27th day of May next, on a credit of twelve and eighteen months, a TRACT OF LAND belonging to the heirs at law of the late William McCauley, lying on the waters of New Hope, adjoining the lands of Charles Trier and others, supposed to contain about 500 acres.

Also the HOUSE AND LOT in Chapel Hill, known as the Thomson House.

JAMES WEBB, C. & M. E. March 30. 63-4

## NOTICE.

I HEREBY forewarn you, John